262 Burro meat comes first in their estimation, then mares, then steers, but they take what they can get and no questions asked. Burro deer or black tail is a great article of diet, and these deer are on the Island. Wolves and coyotes are on the Island also. I do not think they eat them.

266 As I have said, the Seris are reputed to be cannibals, or to have been. Since those who furnished the meals cannot speak, it is a matter not entirely proven.

648 177 There is a war on between Mexican fishermen and the Seris. The Seris are wild for boats and will do almost anything to get one, so two years ago a chance occurred and they killed seven drunken Mexican fishermen and seized their boat. Last summer, some fishermen surprised the Seris, killed one, and recovered the boat. They mourn this boat a lot more than they do the dead man.

648 Twenty or thirty years ago, Governor Ysabel came here with some troops to capture some Yaquis who had joined the Seris. The Governor told the Chief he would have to give up the Yaquis, as they were outlaws. The next day the Seris brought in six right hands. They said they had killed the Yaquis. Asked how and why, they said they had killed them while they slept and they wanted their guns. They cut off the right hand of each as proof.

With all their apparent friendship, we never go without arms. When we sleep our rifles are alongside of us, and we wear our revolvers with us. Sometimes we roll in with our clothes on. But they have never, by sign or act, shown anything but friendship.

851 123 177 A baby boy about four months old was in camp, so Rafael Ysabel baptized him and gave his name Rafael, and presented him with a little gold cross of which his mother was very proud. She held the baby while he poured a little precious fresh water over its head and repeated:

"In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I name thee Rafael. . ."

123 Curious black eyes follow us always. When we eat, the Seris often squat around us and watch every mouthful. If there is any bread, gravy, grease, beans or meat left over, we pass it on and they certainly clean up.

While we eat, the waves are always lapping on the shore upon which many pretty shells are thrown by the tide, besides water-worn pumice stone in all sizes down to a small marble.

Our meals are very simple. We bake biscuit in the dutch oven for every meal, cook turtle meat, if we have it, or beans or rice or spuds.

[text continues on p. 171]